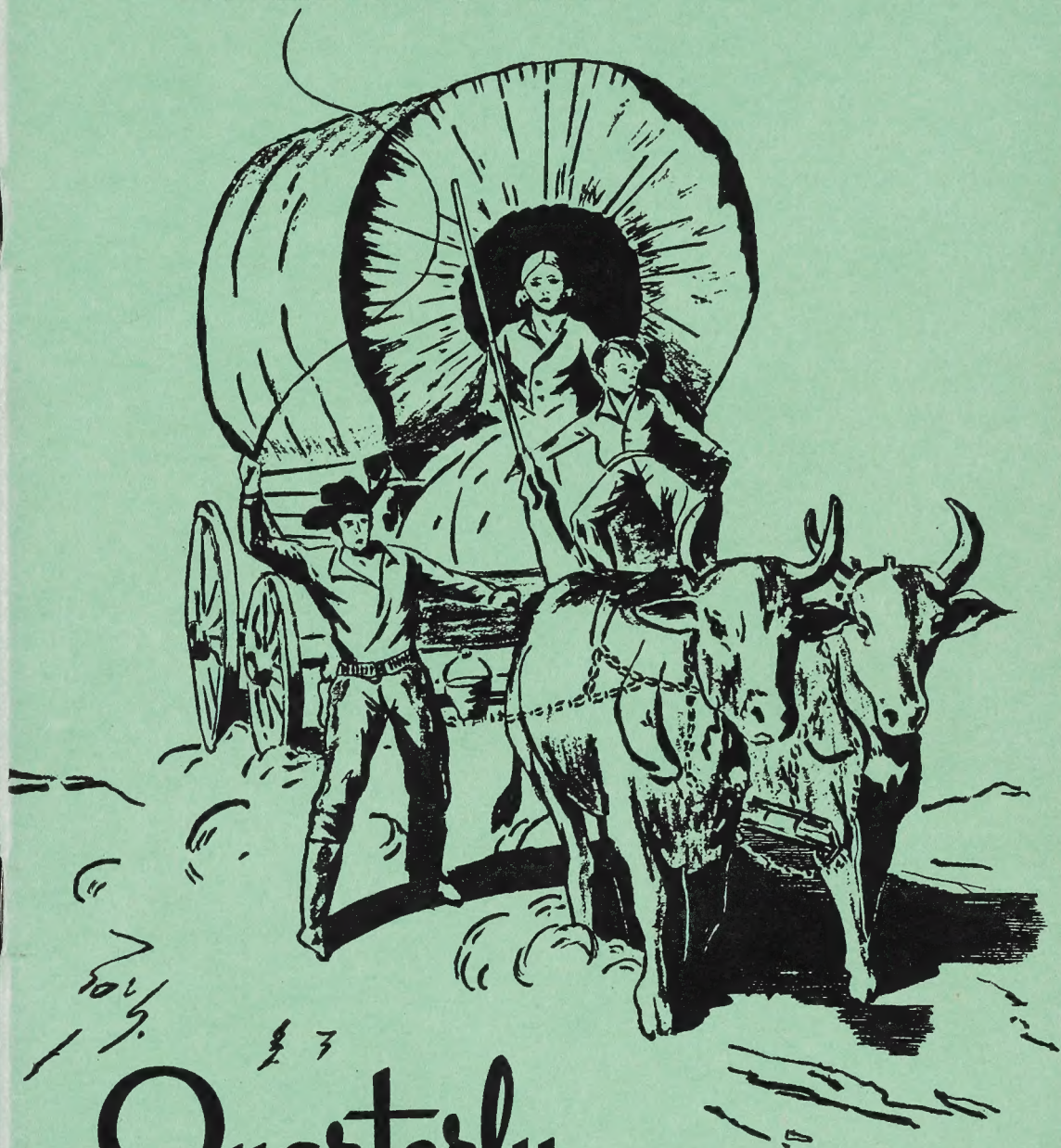


ALBERTA FOLKLORE



Quarterly

ALBERTA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

Vol. 2, No. 1.

MARCH, 1946.

Alberta Folklore Quarterly is published by the University of Alberta under the provisions of the Alberta Folklore and Local History Project. The magazine aims to print authentic first hand accounts interpretative of the region and its people; to encourage the collection and preservation of the traditional materials of Alberta; and to help foster a literature indigenous to this part of the Canadian West.

Editor

Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

Editorial Board

Dr. D. G. Revell, Edmonton
Hon. W. A. Buchanan, Lethbridge
Hon. W. C. Ives, Calgary
Norman Soars, Peace River
Dr. E. P. Scarlett, Calgary
E. Everard Edmonds, Edmonton
Robert Newton, President, University of Alberta
Donald Cameron, University of Alberta
Robert K. Gordon, University of Alberta
Morden H. Long, University of Alberta

Address all correspondence to Editor, *Alberta Folklore Quarterly*, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

Subscription rate for the *Quarterly* is \$1.00 yearly; single copies, 25c.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Here and There	1
The Caribou Came Too Late	8
How Wetaskiwin Received Its Name	13
The Lost Lemon Mine	15
Scalped by The Sioux	19
Fadder Lacombe	20
Lethbridge and McLeod	23
Alberta Owls Go Wild	26
Ritual of Prairie Chicken	26
Alberta's Pioneer White Settler	27
Diamond Cut Diamond	30
The Mystery of Constable Graburn	31
How Hairy Hill Got its Name	34
Wilderness Courage	35
Creative Writing Competition for Alberta Schools	39

THE COVER

We wish to thank an anonymous subscriber for the drawing reproduced on the cover. The covered wagon is synonymous with the opening up of the Northwest. First Conestoga wagons rumbled over the Wilderness Trail to open up Kentucky and Ohio during the Revolutionary War. Then covered wagons followed the Oregon Trail of a century ago, and finally trekked over the Athabasca and Edson Trails into the Empire of the Peace.

Here and There

It was at Fort Laird back in the early twenties that I first ran across the "Dog-Rib Duchess," whose real name, by the way, was Adele Lecou. A full-blooded Dog-Rib girl from Fort Rae, she had emerged from the convent with a curvacious figure, snapping black eyes, raven locks, a supreme contempt for her red brothers, and a passionate and gerenuous liking for all white men.

I had just finishel a meal of roasted mountain sheep and bannock when Mrs. McLeod, the factor's hard-visaged, Scotch-Louchoux squaw, entered the room on tip-toe and closed the door carefully behind her. "Mr. Gossell," she remarked in a confidential half-whisper, "my hus-bum, Fred, he's goin' crazy."

"Nonsense!" I laughed.

"You know dat Mrs. Lecou who lives over at the Lamson and Hubbard post?" her bosom heaved. "Dat damn Dog-Rib squaw from Fort Rae—the one de trappers call de 'Dog-Rig Duchess' 'cause she's so stuck-up?"

"Sure," I laughed recalling the slender girl who had raised so much havoc with the hearts of the trappers. "You don't mean to tell me Fred's fallen for her?"

"He sure has," her eyes flashed. "She's been workin' love medicine on him, sending him notes an' meetin' him in de bush. But," she added with a malevolent chuckle, "*me*—I'm sure fix him!"

"Yes," she growled, "that young Marten-Tail came 'round two nights ago an' acted kinda funny. He'd a paper in his hand, an' I guessed it was a note for Fred from that black-faced Adele, Le-

cou. 'Gimme me dat letter,' I said an' grabbed it." She dived a twny hand into the bosom of her tartan dress. "Read *dat*," she dropped a piece of crumpled paper on the table.

Written in a round, girlish hand was as torrid a love epistle as I had seen in many a day, though I must admit that Fred's name wasn't mentioned. There was no doubt about it, Mrs. Lecou was prepared to surrender her all.

"It's a pretty hot letter," I laughed. "What did you do about it?"

"Do!" Mrs. McLeod's eyes flamed. "I sat right down an' wrote an answer. 'Darling Adele,' I says, an' a lot o' silly things like she wrote Fred about her heart an' other things inside. Den I says, 'Adele, I'll break your god-damned head first time I see that ugly black squaw face o' yours aroun' here. You go an' try your dirty love medicine on some black bush Injun like yourself an' leave white men alone.' And," grinned the lady, "I signed it 'Love and kisses . . . Mrs. Fred McLeod.' I haven't seen her black face since—and *there ain't been no more notes!*"

* * *

Few places have appeared more in the news during the last few years than the once obscure trading post of Fort St. John. Thirty-five years ago, when I travelled by pack-train to this, then, almost unknown spot the fort consisted of a couple of picketed log trading posts, while upon the wide flat at the base of an empurpled range of jagged hills rose scores upon scores of conical tepees painted a vivid crimson in the slanting rays

of the setting sun. It was the summer encampment of the pagan and unwhipped Beaver tribe. The musical tankle, tankle of horse-bells mingled with the high-pitched cries of scolding squaws, the barking of slat-ribbed curs, and the incessant throbbing of tom-toms. High on a pointed knoll some savage was sending his quavering song to the spirits. The only white residents of Fort St. John were myself, in charge of the French fort, as the Revillon-Frères post was known, and old Beaton, the factor down at the Hudson's Bay.

Recently I visited Fort St. John again. The picturesque and historic old fort was gone, burned down by children a couple of years ago, while on the plateau above, once the Beaver Indian race-course, a modern town had arisen—thanks to the American invasion. For Fort St. John was destined to become the jumping-off place for American doughboys and contractors engaged in slashing the Alaska Highway through the forested wilderness to Whitehorse and Fairbanks.

Like all early Peace River forts, Fort St. John was established by the dynamic Nor'Westers of Montreal. In fact, Americans were only renewing long-severed associations with this spot when the vanguard of the highway construction troops arrived there. For the first Fort St. John—known as Rocky Mountain Fort—was reared from the virgin wilderness a century and a half ago by Simon Fraser, burly fur-trader-explorer of New York State and discoverer of the river that bears his name.

Established originally at the mouth of the South Pine River,

later moved to Rocky Mountain Portage near the vicinity of where Cust's house stood later, and removed finally to the mouth of the North Pine, its name was changed from Rocky Mountain Fort to Fort D'Epinette, or The Pine Fort—as it is still known to local Indians. It disappeared in flaming ruins at the hands of marauding Beaver Indians in the days when watered rum constituted one of the stable articles of trade.

In the summer of 1823 the Beavers had received just enough firewater to whet their appetites for more. When they became importunate Guy Hughes, the factor, slammed the gates of the stockade in their faces. But the Beavers, inflamed with alcohol, displayed much the same tempestuous spirit as did their Apache cousins under Cochise and Geronimo in more recent times. Though Hughes and his four men buried the liquor kegs deep in the earth it failed to avert a tragedy. Determined to get their hands on the firewater, howling Beavers threw themselves upon the fort, put it to the torch, slaughtered the factor and his men, and left the place a mass of smouldering ruins.

Returning from a hunt next day, Baptiste LeFleur and another French employee were saved from a similar fate by old Chief Pouce Coupe (Cut Thumb), grizzled leader of the southern band of Beavers who lived and hunted around what is now the Pouce Coupe and Grande Prairie country. Today they are almost extinct, the pitiful remnant being incorporated with what is left of the fast disappearing Fort St. John band. Crossing the Peace with a horde of dusky warriors, the Chief upbraided the northern Beavers

for their rash act, furnished the survivors with a canoe and dried meat and saw to it that they got safely down to Fort Dunvegan. Today this old Chief's name is perpetuated in Pouce Coupe prairie, and the town of the same name.

At about the same time the Sickannies, another turbulent offshoot of the Beaver tribe, destroyed Fort Nelson, three hundred miles to the northward, murdered Alexander Henry, the factor, and all his men, looted the fort, and disappeared into their Rocky Mountain fastnesses. For some years nothing remained of these two trading posts that have figured so prominently in the construction of the Alaska Highway but a few overgrown cellars and charred logs. Finally Fort St. John was re-established on its present site by Chief Factor Robert Campbell, and in the summer of 1865 a new Fort Nelson was reared by Chief Trader Cornwallis King from the ashes of the old at the mouth of the Musqua—the Bear River.

* * *

Although much has been written about the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, little has been said about those hectic days from 1910 to 1915 when the Grand Trunk and Great Northern were pushing their steel tentacles through the rock-cuts and morasses of the Yellowhead Pass towards the distant Pacific.

To facilitate the work a strip five miles wide on either side of the track was proclaimed prohibited territory, where no liquor was allowed. But there were few Mounted Police to enforce this prohibition act and, since enormous profits were to be made peddling red-eye whiskey to

thirsty construction workers, a lawless element conducted an active and surreptitious trade in bootleg hootch.

There were many and diverse ways in which the liquor was smuggled in. There was, for instance, a pulchritudinous blonde named Babe Coteau who formed the habit of making frequent trips to town. Leaving her somewhat doubtful resort with a lithe and lissome figure, she'd return with every evidence of having added surprisingly to her *avoirdupois* during her brief absence.

Suspicion fell upon her when her return to the line was invariably followed by a jamboree, free-for-all fighting, and the holding up of the work. At first she blasphemously and indignantly refused the police matron's kindly offer to investigate the cause of her expanding and contracting girth. Forced to acquiesce, there was found, strapped around her slim waist, a rubber bag containing two gallons of fiery alcohol to which was attached a rubber hose, the nozzle reposing within her scarlet garter. To serve a customer it was merely necessary for her to flip up her skirts, bring out the nozzle, squirt the desired "snort" into a glass and tuck away the evidence. She promptly landed in the hoosegow, but still the liquor continued to trickle in.

To those who prosecuted this illicit traffic the ubiquitous Sergeant "Nitchie" Thorne of the North West Mounted Police was a particular *bête noir*. He was here, there and everywhere, appearing at the most inopportune moments at the most unexpected places. Then, one day, a wagon load of fat porkers consigned to

Pedersen and Fell, the boarding contractors, drew up alongside the board sidewalk at Prairie Creek. Gazing meditatively at the sleek pink carcasses, Thorne lifted his slender steel prode, placed it between the ribs of one of the pigs and pushel. To his unbounded amazement *the pig began to leak!* The defunct animal exuded a stream of amber liquid which looked, and smelled, like *whiskey*. Jabbing another pig at random produced similar results, causing the inquisitive Mountie to investigate the balance of the load. Within each innocent-looking porker reposed a rubber bag containing two or three gallons of red-eye whiskey. The mystery of still another flow of bootleg liquor had been solved!

* * *

Until recently Rocky Mountain House boasted probably the only tree-dweller in the Dominion. His name was John Eagle, and he doesn't live in the tree any more for the simple reason that it blew down. You see, John Eagle used to be a sailor, travelled around the world a dozen times, saw just about everything there was to see, and finally settled down in his arboreal home in Alberta's foothills.

"I was tired of the ocean and cities," he explained. "You see too many strangers in the cities, and too many aboard ship. The noise of the crowds are worse than the wolves and bears. Of the two evils, I choose the wolves and bears." He wanted solitude, and first lived in a tent. Then one night a rousing chinook blew the tent down on him. Fancying he heard the howling of wolves in the voice of the gale he climbed a tree and spent the night there.

Lulled by the swaying of the tree, which reminded him of nights aloft, he got an idea. He would build a house in a tree. Next day he went to work. First he erected a platform and on this he reared a tidy little cabin. Insulating it with shavings from the mill he soon had a warm and comfortable dwelling away from the maddening crowds. Fuel presented the biggest problem until he ingeniously solved it by leaning poles against the platform, hauling them up and sawing them on his own doorstep, so to speak, as required.

* * *

Readers of the *Quarterly* have already made the acquaintance of Paddy Nolan, famed Calgary attorney. One day, while in his Calgary law office, Shorty McLaughlin from High River dropped in to see him. And Shorty was mighty sore. A C.P.R. train, it seems, had recently run over and killed six of his horses.

After listening to Shorty's bitter tirade against the railroad, Paddy Nolan leaned back and asked with a smile: "Well, Shorty, and what do you want me to do about it?"

"Do!" roared Shorty. "Did I understand you to ask what I want you to do? Sue 'em, man . . . sue 'em! I want twice-three times the value of every cayuse they've run over!"

"I'm sorry, Shorty," Paddy shook his head, "but I can't take your case."

"What do you mean you *can't* take my case?" roared the irate rancher. "Ain't my money any good . . . ?"

Paddy held up his hand reprovingly. "It's nothing like that, Shorty. You see, the railroad's right. Any horse that can't out-

run the C.P.R. doesn't deserve to live!"

* * *

A school teacher in southern Alberta who signs herself simply "Laura" contributes the following tall stories:

"This particular part of Alberta, being noted for its liquid mud, has endless stories of transportation hazards, chief among them being the tale one old pioneer told me about driving a four-horse team through a swamp road in the spring. The horses, he recalled, mired deeper and deeper till they disappeared from sight. I asked him if he lost them. 'God bless you, no!' he replied. 'I just sat right on that buckboard seat, cracked my whip at the bubbles and they brough me through all right'."

"Then there was the one the old freighter told me about his adventure with 'Alberta Horned Bedbug'."

"It was my first trip freighting through western Alberta, and I was glad to see the stopping place at the turn of the trail. After supper my partner, Bob, and I were given a room and rolled in. I was awakened by Bob hollering to me to let go his toe. Thinking he'd a nightmare I began to shake him when suddenly something grabbed *me* by the toe. I thought it was Bob trying to pinch my toe off, so I gave him a sock on the jaw. By this time we were both fighting mad, but were prevented from going to the mat by the strangest noise outside the door. It sounded like two rats fighting. Lighting the candle we opened the door just in time to see two giant bedbugs, each armed with a sharp horn in the forehead, scuttling for

a knot-hole as big as your fist in the floor. They were as large as half-grown mud turtles and twice as wicked. The same thought struck both of us. Rushing back, we examined the bed, and there, sure enough, under the bed-clothes, was one of these creatures. It resembled the ordinary bedbug except it could travel with the speed of a racehorse.

"Well, we decided to take turn about standing guard with a club while the other slept. Next morning we tackled the landlord. But he took the wind completely out of our sails by proudly admitting the presence of the vermin, saying we'd no doubt have felt cheated without a glimpse of these special horned bedbugs without which no back country hotel was complete.'"

* * *

Foremost amongst names that have become household words in the West is that of Frank Oliver, who came from Winnipeg in 1876 to establish, four years later, Alberta's first newspaper, *The Edmonton Bulletin*.

Working for the *Free Press* in Winnipeg, he saw an ad., in a Philadelphia paper stating that a hand press and two cases of non-pariel type was for sale.

Frank answered the ad. and when the press arrived loaded the whole thing into a rickety Red River cart, hitched up his oxen and set out for Edmonton, nine hundred miles away.

Frank had plenty of experience in the printing business in Ontario, Toronto and Winnipeg, but all his experiences didn't make up for the loss of type that ensued when the Red River cart was overturned and the type couldn't be

recovered despite a lengthy search. This shortage was overcome by the traditional ingenuity of the West, the banner line, or masthead, of the paper being carved out of a birch tree by Mr. Oliver and his associate, Alex Taylor. And on December 6th, 1880, the first *Bulletin* saw the light of day.

It was a tiny thing, this first issue, consisting of four pages about five by seven inches, yet it contained general news, local news, a plea for fair play for the friendly Stony Indians, advertisements and editorial. Nor was the social column forgotten. One of Frank's society notes states:

"The ball at Mr. Fraser's on New Year's eve was a grand success, being crowded to the door. The door was decorated with festoons of olive branches—*done up in moss-bags*" (Indian cradles).

Frank became one of the West's greatest men and was finally appointed Minister of the Interior. Mr. Oliver learned about this job the hard way. Jim Brewster of Banff tells of the occasion when Frank Oliver came there and expressed a desire to inspect the mountain road. Jim was willing, and away they went.

To Frank it seemed that the edges of the road were decidedly dangerous and unprotected. On two or three particularly bad hairpin turns, where the edge of the road fell away in a drop of thousands of feet to mist-dimmed valleys below, Frank demonstrated his nervousness by aiming a number of highly colourful expletives at the negligence of the party who permitted such hazards to exist.

"And, by the way," demanded Frank wrathfully, after he had exhausted his wide and colourful vocabulary, "who the devil is responsible for these God-awful roads?"

"Well, Mr. Oliver," Jim cracked without a smile, "I guess if the truth's told it must be the Minister of the Interior — *the man I'm driving!*"

* * *

Speaking of the "Dog-Rib Duchess" recalls a peculiar legend of her tribe. According to their traditions, the Dog-Ribs originated from the union of a supernatural dog-man and an Athabascan squaw. At the time of the discovery of a mountain of copper near Great Bear Lake by a Yellowknife woman, another squaw of the same tribe was living with her two brothers near the site of the present mining settlement of Yellowknife on Great Slave Lake.

One day a strong and handsome stranger arrived and, at the brothers' suggestion, took her for his wife. In the middle of the wedding night she awakened to find her husband gone, but heard an animal crunching bones around the fireplace. The same thing happened the following night. This time the bride and her brothers immediately lighted torches, but failed to find a sign of any animal. On the third night one of the brothers threw a stone axe in the direction from which the sound of the gnawing arose. A cry of agony followed, and when they lit a torch a black dog was found writhing in its death agony upon the floor. When the human husband failed to reappear the brothers, overcome with superstitious awe, chased their sister out of the

wigwam on the assumption that she had married a dog-man and a sorcerer.

Wandering off into the Barren Lands the squaw gave birth to a litter of puppies which she hid in a bag of unborn caribou skin. When the puppies were able to run around she was astonished one morning, on returning from her rabbit snares, to find an infant's footprints in the ashes. Hiding herself next day she saw the puppies leap from the bag to become transformed into handsome children the moment they reached the light. With a swift movement she pulled the string of the bag, though not before three of them succeeded in jumping back into it. She managed, however, to keep two girls and two boys forcibly in the daylight, and these children became the ancestors of the present Dog-Rib tribe. On this account the Dog-Ribs look with horror upon any Indian who

eats a dog, calling him a cannibal.

* * *

For an Alberta waterways yarn I like the Peace River story about the fellow who stole a dugout canoe in order to cross the river. The owner apprehended him and hauled him before the local magistrate. This pioneer trader was strong on "making the punishment fit the crime." He remanded the prisoner for a couple of hours until he could study up the law on the case. The only thing he could find that might apply was "piracy on the high seas", the penalty being death by hanging. This seemed a little drastic, even in a country which once believed in hanging a horse thief first and trying him afterwards. However, there was nothing he could do about it. After a heated argument with the "jury" he fined the culprit ten dollars and a bottle of whiskey, which he had in his possession. You see, whiskey was scarce as gold up there in those days.



LEGEND OF LAKE LOUISE

The Indians, of course, furnish a large part of Alberta's folklore. Some of their legends, like the Stoney legend of Lake Louise, are beautiful.

When the world was very young, giants peopled the earth. A certain giant-chief, a very famous hunter, was never satisfied with the number of animals and prehistoric monsters that fell before his arrows, or were trapped in his snares. One day he saw a rainbow in the sky. The more he watched it, the more he wanted it, because he believed it would make him a magic bow. Climbing the tallest tree on earth, he tore the rainbow from its place, but when he grasped it, the colours melted. In exasperated anger the giant dashed the rainbow against the nearest rocky peak, and so it fell, shattered, to the bottom of the lake below and gave its colours to the waters. The god of the elements then made another arch to hold up the sky when it rained, but the colours of the shattered rainbow are still seen spreading through the waters of that wonder lake, which we now call Lake Louise.

The Caribou Came Too Late!

By

Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

Note: The following is the sequel to the article "The Hermit of the Barrens" appearing on page 11 of the December issue of the *Quarterly*. At this time the writer was Inspecting Officer of the Hudson's Bay Company and travelled around Great Slave Lake by dog-team every winter visiting the Company's trading posts and outposts at Fort Resolution, Yellowknife, Fort Rae, etc., etc., where he assisted in the search for the missing Hornby party.

When the white-painted *Athabasca River* nosed her way into Fort Fitzgerald the summer following the abortive "Hornby-Bullock expedition" the familiar tousled head and lean, bronzed of Jack Hornby appeared upon the Texas deck, his blue eyes alight with pleasure as he gazed once more upon his beloved Northland. With quick nervous steps he padded down the gang-plank, a dunnage bag over his shoulder and a rifle in his hand, followed by two clean-cut young Englishmen he had brought with him from the Old Country.

To the crowd of hard-bitten old-timers who surged about him Hornby introduced his companions. The younger one, a rosy-cheeked lad of seventeen, full of life and laughter, was his nephew, Ed Christian. The taller one, a lean chap of about thirty, was Harold Adelard, who had thrown up his position of school-master in the Old Country to accompany Hornby into the wilds.

Captain Bullock's coolness towards another projected expedition into the Barrens had forced Jack Hornby to look elsewhere for companions to share his hard-

ships and isolation. In distant England he had succeeded in capturing the imagination of these young fellows with glowing stories of life and adventure in the wilderness, until he had assumed in their eyes all the glamour of a modern Daniel Boone or Leatherstocking. Beside a cosy chimney-corner in the Old Country the hermit's stories of the Northland's trails had thrilled them to the core, and so they had returned with him, filled with glamorous ideas and fired with the desire to emulate his fortitude and hardihood.

For a few days they remained around, getting their baggage across the portage. At length they piled into a canoe with guns, rifles and camp equipment and departed for Great Slave Lake and Fort Reliance.

With their departure, old-timers shook their heads. Was it wise, they asked, for two totally inexperienced young men — one of them a mere boy—to risk spending a winter with Hornby in the Barrens? Supposing anything should happen to Hornby, what would these fellows do? Hornby had always depended on gun and net and his own remarkable vitality to make a living. But in the past he had only himself to care for. Now, if he became ill or met with some serious accident, what would be the fate of these young chaps who had reposed their fullest trust in him without realizing the hazards they were facing? There was a good deal of bitter talk around the trading posts and

cabins when it was learned that Hornby was taking in but few supplies, intending to depend on the caribou. And there were not wanting those who felt that the Mounted Police should intervene and refuse Hornby permission to depart for the Barrens unless he took along a year's supply of flour and bacon to tide them over a possible emergency.

Secure in the sense of his own ability to live off the country, Hornby had always poked fun at the Mounted Police and ourselves, who travelled these trails with well-filled grub boxes. On this occasion, as on others, his equipment had been reduced to the irreducible minimum: guns, ammunition, fish-nets and snaring twine. Evidently he intended to winter near the forks of the Hanbury and the Thelom. This was said to be one of the finest game sections of the Barrens, yet even here there was always the possibility that the migratory caribou, upon which they would have to depend for sustenance, might not follow the customary paths of migration. Nothing was more uncertain than the movements of these mighty herds.

Later that summer a band of Yellowknives paddled their bark canoes into Fort Resolution and reported having come across the Hornby party at Pike's Portage, leading to Artillery Lake and the Barrens. They were already out of tobacco, and their food had been reduced to a twenty-five pound sack of flour. Accustomed as they were to lean living, these Yellowknives had warned Hornby he was taking big chances. But he had merely laughed, pointed to the guns, and told them there would be lots of caribou around.

A year went by without a word of Hornby. As I travelled by dog-team around Great Slave Lake I made inquiries in the caribou-skin lodges and log huts of Yellowknives and Dog-Ribs, hearing many stories of Hornby's hunting prowess and narrow escapes from death. But not an Indian was able to furnish the slightest clue to his present whereabouts. The last authentic report dated back to the summer of 1927 when a wandering trapper had come across an old camp on the Kasba River with a cairn of stones containing a cryptic note from Hornby saying that he had shot a caribou and would meet him—the trapper—down the Hanbury River that winter.

On my return to Fort Resolution, Inspector Trundell hurried over to the fort to see me, anxious to learn if I had heard anything of the Hornby party on my trip. I assured him I had heard nothing, and suggested that as the party had not been equipped to spend two winters in the Barrens it would be advisable to send out a patrol as soon as the days lengthened, when it would be possible to make long "days" by dog-team with a minimum of equipment, as the warming sun would create a crust that would obviate the use of snowshoes and be easy on man and beast. Immediately the Inspector despatched a message by dog-team to Corporal Williams at Fort Reliance ordering him to make a patrol to the Thelon. This, however, was thwarted by the mutiny of the Corporal's Indian guides, and he was forced to return without accomplishing anything.

When spring came, without any word of the Hornby party, serious anxiety took possession of the

North. Again rumours of all kinds swept from fort to fort: Hornby had worked his way overland and gone home to England via Hudson Bay! He had arrived safely at Chesterfield Inlet the previous summer and taken the Company's ship to England! Three bodies had been sighted by Hudson Bay Eskimas on an ice-floe out at sea! Finally, passengers on the *Athabasca River* brought word that he had settled on a fruit farm in British Columbia, having left the North for good.

* * *

Led by Harry Wilson of the Dominion Explorers, a prospecting party was lazily padding their grey-painted canoes down the turbulent Thelon, seventy miles from its junction with the Hanbury. It was a hot July day and the flies were bad. The men were hot and tired. Ahead a stand of dwarf spruce broke the grey-brown landscape with a patch of verdant green. It was the first sign of trees they had seen for many a day, and one bronzed paddler emitted a delighted whoop. Bending to their paddles they raced the canoes towards the spot to build a fire and boil the kettle. "Look, boys!" shouted one of the steersmen, "a cabin in the timber—must be someone around!"

"Hello-o-o-o!" His hail went echoing amongst the scattered pines. But there came no answering cry. Beaching the canoes the khaki-clad crews leapt ashore, laughing and talking loudly as they straggled through the shade towards the cabin. Who on earth, they wondered, would choose to live in such a God-forsaken place so far from the main routes of travel, even from the hunting

trails of nomad Yellowknives and Dog-Ribs? Still laughing and calling to each other they closed in on the cabin.

Harry Wilson was in the lead. Suddenly he halted, half-turned and those nearest noticed his face was ashen. "Good God!" he faltered. Then in horror-stricken tones: "Good God, boys—just look at that!"

Their noisy exuberance stilled, they crowded forward. A moment later they were gazing upon a sight that chilled the marrow in their bones.

Stretched full length upon the bare ground before the brown walls of the bark-roofed cabin, full in the golden glare of the noonday sun, lay two dead men, their sightless eyes gazing through the gently swaying branches into a sky of fathomless blue.

"Boys," Wilson's voice choked as he doffed his hat, "they won't need to look for Jack Hornby any longer—he's left on his last long trail!"

It was only too true. The dead men were Adelard and Hornby. Silently they entered the little cabin, their voices hushed. Upon a narrow cot lay young Christian, in the sleep that knows no awakening; the lad who had looked forward with such keen anticipation to a life of glamorous adventure in the Barrens!

The pitiful bareness of that little cabin in the timber told all too plainly its own tragic story of discouragement and want. The complete absence of caribou hides was in itself significant to men who knew their North. So, too, were those gnawed and polished bones upon the floor. Rifles there were, and ammunition aplenty—but not

a scrap of food save a small quantity of tea. The caribou had failed them.

With that perversity which characterizes their movements the caribou had failed to follow their usual course of migration and had not come near the cabin. Possibly a blizzard had split or turned them. The rifles of the party had proven useless as so much waste metal. Day after day, week after week, and month after month they had waited in vain for the thunder of countless hooves and the trembling of the earth that would presage the great autumn caribou migration. Then winter, with its awful cold, its biting blizzards and its menace, had swept down upon them with their larder empty and their strength sapped by lack of food. In utter desperation they had dug up old bones and bits of discarded skin thrown out in the early fall, gnawed the bones to a polish and boiled the putrid skins in a vain endeavour to extract a little nourishment.

In simple, poignant words those last days of awful suffering were told in the diaries and letters they had left behind them in the cabin. Inadequately equipped, without dogs or proper means of winter transportation; with no provisions or flour to tide them over until they were able to replenish their supply of game, they became so weakened that, when a few straggling caribou did appear in the distance, they lacked the strength to hunt them. Until his wiry body gave out, Hornby had scoured the country in search of game, beset again with the difficulties that had made Captain Bullock's experience so memorable. Finally he had succumbed to illness.

There is reason to believe that Hornby deliberately deprived himself of the little nourishment available, hoping thereby that his companions might survive long enough to replenish their stock of food and live.

With a stubby pencil he made a fragmentary record of what had happened and, on the last night—knowing death was not far off—he made his will on a scrap of paper.

Poor Jack Hornby had died on the night of April 16th, 1927, and Christian had entered in his diary:

"April 17th, 1 o'clock. At 6:45 last evening poor Jack passed peacefully away. Until that minute I think I remained the same, but then I was a wreck. . . . Today Harold and I do just the essentials and I am looking over certain things as well. We are both very weak but more cheery and determined to pull through and go out and let the world know of the last days of the finest man I have ever known and who has made a foundation to build my life upon."

Two weeks later young Adelard passed away. To Christian, the youngest member of the expedition, death had not been merciful. For weeks he had lived beside the dead bodies of his companions, watching the warm breath of summer revitalizing the Northland; listening to the geese and ducks as they winged by overhead and watching caribou browsing in the distance—waiting, waiting, waiting! . . . exhibiting in his awful loneliness a magnificent courage deserving a more fitting reward than an untimely death. To the last he had made his feeble entries in his diary, and as he felt the inertia of approach-

ing end coming over him he had hidden the will and diary beneath the ashes of the stove ere sinking down upon his wooden bunk.

Winter was upon the land when word of the tragedy reached us at Fort Smith. The days were short, and bitter blasts from the pole were lashing the wilderness from end to end with devastating fury. It was hardly the time to risk more lives by sending out a patrol, and Inspector Trundell delayed doing so until the following spring. Then a party of Mounted Police departed for the Thelon River to lay the unfortunate men to rest and bring back their diaries and effects.

Out there in the heart of the Barrens he loved so well lies Hornby in eternal sleep with his companions beside him. In the short summer months soft winds, fragrant with the aromatic perfume of the nearby pines, whisper

their vespeers overhead. And in winter, when the world about is buried in its mantle of shimmering whiteness and blizzards roar out their age-old challenge, there are times when the very earth about them trembles beneath the thundering hoofs of caribou—the caribou that came too late.

Editor's Note: Even in the days before the great caribou herds were decimated by the sale of high-powered rifles and unlimited supplies of ammunition to the natives by the fur traders, one could not depend on the rifle to furnish regular sustenance in the Barrens. Samuel Hearne, who travelled these Barrens when caribou were still plentiful, tells in his *Journal* of unbelievable hardship and suffering experienced by himself and his Indian companions. The old journals of the Hudson's Bay Company, too, record frequent cases of cannibalism amongst the natives of this region when the caribou failed to put in an appearance. There are ample precedents to indicate that it is unsafe at any time for white men to depend entirely upon net and rifle.

At a recent wedding breakfast in Calgary, at which the officiating clergyman was an invited guest, the bridegroom in the exuberance of the moment seized a bottle of whiskey and applied it to his mouth, drinking with great long gulps.

"My dear sir," interposed the minister, "be careful, be careful! I once knew a man who drank from a bottle with such haste and avidity that he dropped dead before he finished it."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the happy bridegroom, pausing with a look of unfeigned interest. "And what did they do with the rest of the bottle?"—Calgary Eye-Opener.

POETIC JUSTICE

"Here's poetic justice for you. One of these Calgary oil-stock promoters, being short of ready cash, married a woman for her money."

"Yes?"

"Only to discover that she'd invested every cent she had in oil stock!"—Calgary Eye-Opener.

How Wetaskiwin Received its Name

Anonymous

Long ago, when Alberta was still a wilderness, and fur traders were the only white people in the country, two Indian tribes lived here, the Cree and the Blackfeet, and they were the bitterest of enemies. The Blackfeet lived on the south of the Red Deer River, and the Crees occupied the land to the north of the river. The Red Deer River was the dividing line separating these two tribes, and it was an unwritten law that neither was to trespass on the other's hunting grounds. However, the buffalo in the Crees territory were often followed by the disrespectful Blackfeet. Here they raided Cree villages and collected scalps. The Crees followed suit, and constant warfare existed between the two tribes.

Around the year 1870 a young chief, named Fighting Eagle, ruled the Blackfeet. The Crees also had a young war chief named Wolf Child, each being looked up to and honored by the members of his tribe. None were stronger, braver, more skillful and daring or had more scalps to their credit than these two young chieftains. Their fame spread to the camps of their enemies, and each longed to meet the other in combat to prove he was the best man.

In the summer of that year a large party of Blackfeet raided a number of Cree villages and collected scalps. The Cree tribe was aroused to bitter anger. They prepared for battle. Young braves painted their bodies and prepared for action. In the distance the low rumble of war-drums added a note

to the confusion. The Blackfeet planned a surprise attack on the Cree encampment around midnight. However, scouts must first creep forward and spy out enemy positions. The Blackfeet choice for the hazardous job fell on young Fighting Eagle. Wolf Child was chosen by the Crees. Both crept from opposite directions to a certain elevation in a range of low hills which lie northwest of the present site of Wetaskiwin. They arrived almost at the same moment at the top and stood glaring at each other. What a picture these two men must have made! Perfectly matched, feathered plumes waving in the breeze, hideous with bright paint smeared over their bronze faces, and naked chests. The Blackfoot chief cast his weapons aside. The Cree leader did the same. The two savages circled, hurling insults at each other, then sprang, grappling, tugging, straining every muscle. Silence surrounded them. On the top of that dusk-shrouded hill, two men were fighting to the death. Only their pained gasping for breath broke the silence.

Suddenly they sprang apart to rest and gather strength for a renewed onslaught. The Blackfoot drew a pipe from his scalp-shirt; the Cree did likewise, only to find his had been broken in the struggle. Sullenly he watched his enemy draw in the fragrant smoke. Suddenly he besought one draught to ease his tense nerves. Finally he could stand it no longer. Snatching the pipe from the Blackfoot he put it to his lips

and drew in a mighty draught. Suddenly both sat erect, startled. What had they done? To smoke a common pipe was a sacred pledge of everlasting peace. They hadn't meant to do it, but now they were pledged to be friends. Slowly they faced about, returned to their people, and told their tale. The older chiefs listened gravely to the unbelievable tale, but agreed that what had been done could not be undone.

Next morning on the hill-top where the struggle had taken place, four Blackfoot chiefs and six Cree headmen sat in a circle,

and slowly and deliberately smoked the peace pipe. Speeches were made vowing eternal friendship, and the hatchet was buried for all time.

Peace has existed between the two tribes ever since, and the hill where this struggle and subsequent peace was made is known to the Indians as "Wetaskiwin Spatinow" (the hill where peace was made).

Now a cairn marks the spot, and the city and district have perpetuated the name Wetaskiwin—Peace!

THEY DID NOT SCALP HIM

A good story of early days concerns Jim McKernan, pioneer telegraph operator in Alberta. Jim had charge of the office at Hay Lakes, sending the first message over the wire in November, 1877. At one time Jim was afraid the Indian chief, Tacoots, was going to take the war-trail. Jim became decidedly nervous in view of his exposed position and the fact that he was entirely unprotected in case of attack. As a safety measure he sent a wire to Sir John A. Macdonald, in charge of Indian affairs at Ottawa. In fact, Jim wired **three** times. His first wire read:

"Indians threatening. What shall I do?"

There was no answer.

Jim's second wire said: "Indians more threatening. What shall I do?"

No answer.

By this time Jim was pretty sure that Tacoots was on his trail, so he wired a third time: "Indians are liable to scalp me. What shall I do? Urgent."

And Macdonald wired back the comforting suggestion: "Shave your head, Jim."

THEY LOST POOR OLE!

The undertaker occasionally has peculiar difficulties. Take for instance the case of Ole. "Steve," the undertaker's assistant, was a willing worker, and on this occasion supplied a car and makeshift trailer to bring in a corpse from the country to the mortuary. Somehow as they sped over the bumpy prairie the trailer became detached. Suddenly the undertaker was shocked to hear Steve utter a heart-rending curse and exclaim, "Say! where in hell is Ole (the corpse)?" Back over the trail they went until they discovered the missing Ole and the trailer. From that time on they proceeded at a more decorous pace.—Collier.

The Lost Lemon Mine

By

Senator D. E. Riley

There is a fascination in stories of lost mines and lost men. There is the famed McLeod Mine somewhere in the heart of the saw-toothed Nehannies, for which men have searched for forty years only to have it elude them and leave a trail of bleached wolf-gnawed skeletons behind. And then there is the famed Lost Lemon Mine of southern Alberta for which prospectors have sought through the years in vain.

In the spring of 1870 a party of prospectors left Tobacco Plains in Montana to prospect the North Saskatchewan River for gold. Among them were two men, known as Blackjack and Lemon. Blackjack had the reputation of being the best prospector in the West since he was the real discoverer of the Caribou diggings in British Columbia. These two men were staked by Lafayette French, and old time Indian trader and buffalo hunter.

Leaving the Saskatchewan party, they decided to travel south with a large half-breed band headed by La Nouse which would afford them protection against hostile Blackfeet. Finally the parties split, the two prospectors following an old Indian lodge-pole trail up High River towards Tobacco Plains, while La Nouse headed for Stand Off. As they proceeded Blackjack and Lemon found likely showings of gold in the river. Following the mountain stream towards the headwaters they discovered rich diggings from grass roots to bed-

rock. They sank two pits and in bringing their cayuses in from the picket line they accidentally discovered the ledge from which the gold came.

Traders who saw samples of this rock at Fort Benton described it as resembling a body of solid gold with a little rock shot into it. It was *indescribably rich!*

In camp that night the two prospectors got into an angry argument as to whether they should stake the find and return in the spring or camp right there, which almost led to blows. After they had rolled themselves in their blankets, Lemon stealthily crawled out, seized an axe and split the head of his sleeping partner. Overwhelmed with panic, when the realization of the enormity of his crime penetrated his befuddled brain, Lemon would have fled the spot, but was afraid to leave till daylight. Instead, he built a huge fire and with his gun beneath his arm strode to and fro like a caged beast till dawn.

Little did he think that two pairs of snakey, black eyes had witnessed the entire tragedy from the cover of the surrounding bush. Two young Stoney braves, William and Daniel Bendow, had, however, trailed the pair, watched them sink the holes and seen the discovery of the gold.

As night wore on, Lemon appeared half crazed with the thought of his terrible deed, while, with a grim sense of humour, the young braves added to his distress by whistling, moaning and making

other weird and uncouth sounds. With the first streak of dawn Lemon mounted his cayuse and hit the trail across the mountains. Meanwhile the two Stoneys ransacked the camp, took the two remaining cayuses and set out for the Stoney village at Morley where they reported all they had seen to old Chief Bearpaw. Fearful lest the whites hear of the gold-strike and over-run their game-filled hunting grounds, the old chief swore the young men to everlasting secrecy.

Since that day *many* attempts have been made to bribe them by prospectors in search of the Lost Lemon Mine. Bands of horses, herds of cattle, small fortunes to these children of the plains, have been offered them in vain, yet their tongues remained sealed.

When Lemon arrived at Tobacco Plains, he confessed his crime to the priest, an old friend of his. He had with him the gold they had found on the day of the killing, as well as a sample of the rock they had discovered; but he seemed half-crazed from the recollection of his crime.

Promptly the priest despatched a half-breed mountain-man, named John McDougall, to the scene of the tragedy. McDougall found the spot, buried Blackjack, reared a mound of stones over the grave to keep off prowling wolves, and returned to Tobacco Plains. No sooner had he left than Bearpaw's braves tore down the mound of stones, scattered them piecemeal and obliterated the last trace of the murder. How well they did their work is indicated by the fact that, through succeeding years, the secret has remained so well hidden that the spot has *yet* to be rediscovered.

All that winter Lemon remained with the priest, on the borderline of insanity. Meanwhile word of the rich find had spread far afield, and as soon as it was possible to travel in the spring a large party of miners, guided by Lemon, set out to re-locate the mine.

But fate was against them! Though Lemon scoured the gulches and hillsides he declared he was unable to locate the spot, only to be accused by the angry miners of deliberately misleading them. In the heated quarrel that ensued, Lemon, threatened with death at the hands of the angry men, suddenly became violently insane. All night his own party stood guard over the raving man, and next morning set out with him for Tobacco Plains. From there he went to his brother's ranch in Texas where he lived many years, having lucid intervals, but never fully recovering his reason.

Next year the priest outfitted another party from Tobacco Plains. The leader was to be the John McDougall who had buried Blackjack. McDougall, who was over at Fort Benton, was to meet the rest of the party at Crow's Nest Lake, and they were to proceed north from there. McDougall left Fort Benton to keep his appointment, but at Fort Kipp, a notorious whiskey-post, he drank himself to death.

The following year still another party was equipped and reached the lake where mountain fires burned all the grass and timber forcing them to again abandon the enterprise.

Next spring the priest sent out a smaller party under the guidance of Lemon, who was still living at Tobacco Plains. But prox-

imity to the place of tragic memories again unsettled the man's addled mind, and the party was forced to take him back.

Disgusted, the priest gave up the search for the lost mine, but it was immediately taken up by others. One of these was a man named Nelson, a member of the first Lemon party. A tireless summer's search, however, failed to deliver up the secret of the location of the gold, so the party disbanded, each man conducting an independent but unsuccessful search. Finally Lafayette French arrived at Tobacco Plains determined to unlock the secret of the hoard of hidden gold. In the vastness of the hills he was overtaken by a strange sickness and dragged himself back to Tobacco Plains more dead than alive. Some strange hoodoo seemed to haunt all those who sought the lost mine. To a friend, French showed a rough pen and ink sketch of rivers-and-mountain ranges. At the head of a stream with three forks was a cross and against it the magic legend "Gold". The map, he said, was made by Lemon, and the mark represented the location of the Lemon Mine—the richest thing ever found in the vicinity of the Rockies. That, he said, was the reason he had come to Alberta, and he insisted he would continue the search for the lost mine as long as he had breath in his body. For the next fifteen years Lafayette French continued to devote himself unswervingly to his self-imposed task.

French went about his work methodically. He spent some months in the '90's with the two survivors of the several expeditions that had searched for the mine. He even had one of them

come by pack train to Crow's Nest Lake and then north in an endeavour to have him identify some of the landmarks in the district travelled by the first expedition headed by Lemon. He kept La Nouse and his band of half-breeds through the winter of '83, in order to check, in the spring, and discover where Lemon and Blackjack parted company with him.

French fed William Bendow, the Stoney Indian, and his followers one winter at Lee's ranch on Pincher Creek and, in the spring, put twenty-five horses and twenty-five cattle in a pasture, which would become the Stoney Indian's property the moment he showed them the spot where the killing had taken place. William agreed, but on the second day out some superstitious terror took possession of him — possibly he was afraid Chief Bearpaw would work bad medicine on him—and he refused to go a step further. *Again* the expedition was abandoned!

Just a few days before French's death he made another bargain with the Stoney to show him the place he had sought so long. William and his band were on their way to Morley and agreed to camp at the old George Sage place—an abandoned ranch on the middle fork of High River — until French could get George Emerson to join them. Again William agreed to conduct them to the murder spot. That night William died suddenly. Convinced that it was the effect of bad medicine worked upon him through his intention to betray the secret of the tribe, his people placed his body in a Red River cart and carried it fearfully back to the reserve at

Morley. The night of their arrival William's son-in-law died in the same mysterious manner, another manifestation, according to the Indians, of the wrath of the *Wahcondah*. To this day the Stoneys become grim, tight-lipped and fearful, the moment the Lemon Mine is mentioned.

The hoodoo that had haunted French continued to dog his footsteps to the very last. In a fire of mysterious origin that destroyed the Emerson House on the night of his return from this last unhappy expedition, he was terribly burned. On the same evening, he had written a letter to a friend at Fort Benton and posted it at the Bar U Ranch. Evidently it was written in a state of exaltation and excitement. He had at last, he said, located *it* and was coming to High River in a couple of days to tell him everything and enlist his help. On his arrival he was unable to talk before he died, so if he had actually solved the problem which had occupied so many years of his life, the secret died with him.

Numerous attempts have been made since that time to relocate the mine, the most notable one as recently as 1929. Many there are who say that nothing will be found this side of the mountains, but geologists designate a tract of land between Crow's Nest Lake and Mist Mountain, on the headwaters of the Highwood River, as a disturbed area in which precious metals *might* be discovered. In the opinion of old prospectors, if the Lemon Mine is ever found it will be in this territory, which is really a trough of the Cretaceous Sea, bounded on the west

by the Paleozoic limestone of the main range of the Rockies and on the east by the Livingstone range. This trough is now a north and south valley, transversely cut by the three watersheds of Sheep Creek, Highwood, and Old Man rivers. The area is rich in coal, low grade phosphate rock and low grade deposits of iron. Yet nowhere on these streams have colours of gold been found, though it is safe to say that every *one* has been prospected time and time again by searchers after the elusive Lemon Mine.

If one were to believe the stories that have drifted down from the early days, the search for this hidden Eldorado has claimed more than Blackjack's life. There is the story of a white man's skeleton found in the gap of the Old Man River, the bony fingers still clutching a bag of gold. There is the story of two men, both badly wounded, stopping overnight in the 90's at a ranch in the foothills. They carried gold dust and were fleeing from the West. They rode away next morning for Fort McLeod, but never arrived. Had they re-discovered the lost Lemon Mine only to be followed and killed by Indians?

From time to time old mounds and pits were found, the remains of cabins deep in hidden gulches, old rusted muzzle-loading guns, pack-saddles, cooking outfits, rat-gnawed bed-rolls, and I. G. Baker tin containers date these. Again there is talk of the Lost Lemon Mine and foul play—for a man in the mountains doesn't abandon his outfit unless tragedy has intervened.

Scalped By The Sioux

By

An Old Timer

A lovely young girl by the name of Marguerite Trotter lived early in the nineteenth century, her beauty being known to all of the people of the plains.

When very young she had many suitors, and her father was very proud of his lovely dark-eyed daughter. When she was sixteen she married a man named Jutras. Since there were no priests out west in those days, the marriage was made by contract. Later Jutras, who worked for the North West Co., was sent to a distant fort as post-hunter, his wife, as was the custom, accompanying him.

In the spring of 1815 the river was unusually high and it was decided to send the furs by canoes instead of the creaky old Red River carts. Canoes were loaded under Jutras' direction, and his wife accompanied him with their new born babe, anxious to display the mite to the settlers. McKenzie, a partner in the North West Co., followed them on horseback.

The next day Jutras sighted a dreaded Sioux in the bushes. Promptly he dived overboard, leaving his wife and baby, as well as the valuable furs, and disappeared like a rabbit into the underbrush.

Before the villagers could get to their guns the Sioux had lined the banks of the river on either side, pouring volleys of bullets and arrows into the craft. In a few moments every soul in the canoe was either killed or wounded.

McKenzie, reaching a slight rise far behind, heard shots and realizing that something had gone wrong, sent his servant back to the fort for reinforcements. When more men arrived he pushed forward, the Sioux disappearing as they advanced.

A dreadful scene greeted the hunters. *Voyageurs* were scalped and mutilated. Marguerite Trotter lay in the canoe divested of all the poor finery of a prairie belle. She was cut and slashed by knives, while her magnificent hair had been riven from her head by some murderous Indian.

McKenzie ordered his men to take her away and give her a decent burial. As they approached they were astounded to hear her ask for her baby. Thinking that mortal aid was too late, McKenzie tried to soothe her, but so insistently did she plead that he undertook the seemingly hopeless task of finding the baby. In some bushes he discovered it hanging from a tree riddled with arrows. The baby had been used by the inhuman beasts for target practice. It was still alive, but died a few minutes later. Returning to the camp, McKenzie bandaged up Marguerite as best he could.

Meanwhile the hunters had come upon a small herd of buffalo and succeeded in killing a cow. They wrapped the bleeding skin around the girl, as this was supposed to have a remarkable curative effect, being often used as a remedy by the people of the plains.

McKenzie and his men spent the night in melancholy vigil on the banks of the river. There was no sleep. One dreadfully wounded *voyageur* mingled his cries of suffering with the mad howling of the coyotes from the distant bluffs. When dawn came the man died. After a hurried breakfast, Marguerite was placed in a canoe and taken to the nearest trading post.

Before many week had elapsed Marguerite had recovered sufficiently to return to her home in

Pembina. Gossip says that Jutras, who had escaped in such a craven manner, came back to claim her. She treated him with the contempt he deserved, and shortly afterwards married a wealthier and more worthy man. She lived to be a great age, to become the ancestor of many prominent present day citizens. Many people still living here have heard her relate her dreadful experience by the bank of the Saskatchewan on that long gone summer day.

Fadder Lacombe

By

Fred J. Cameron (Munson, Alta.)

Metis—dey call me Metis,
Some call me Half Breed Sam,
My Fadder, he's been wan french-
man

He leeve out here long tam,
My Mudder she's beeg Chief's
daughter,

W'en young dey say she's been
De mostes' beautiful squaw

In dis contree ever seen;
W'en she's see heem, she's luv my
Fadder

An' my Fadder he's luv her too,
An' he's join de tribe she's belong
to

An' wit' her, leeve hes whole
life tru',

An' he's never luv no oder squaw
But togedder dey leeve mos'
happee

Wit' me an' lots more wee papoose
Comin' 'long to mak nice fa-
milee.

But me—I'm jus' wan breed man,
No count an' growin' quite ol',
But dats not de story I tink of

De story I want to tol'—
W'en I look back along de portage
Of de life now lef' behin'
Dere's wan ting dat seem fines'
Wan ting stan' out in de min'
An' dats de life an' de livin'
An' de work of dat great white
man,

De bestes' frien' of de In'ian
'Long de reever Saskatchewan,
De man wot's luv an' honor
In every teepee an' home,
De man wot's call everyone's
frien',

De good ol' Fadder Lacombe.

W'en young man he's put on de
Black Robe

An' he's geev up hees home an'
hees frien'

An' he's come out to be wit' de
In'ian

An' dere leev hees life to de en';
He's enjoy de hunt for de buffalo,
If dere's trubble he's comin'
dere quick;

He's Pries' to all tribes of de
 In'ian,
 He's nurse to all In'ians wot's
 sick;
 He's tryin' to teach all de In'ian
 Wot he's callin' de Golden Rule
 An' for de papoose an' young
 Metis
 He's keep wot he's callin' de
 school,
 An' he always is try stop de
 fightin'
 Lak de tam w'en he's visit de
 ban'
 Of Chief Natous of de Blackfoot
 An' he's tellin' dem nice as he
 can
 Dat de In'ians should all be lak
 brothers,
 An' de fightin' 'mong tribes she
 should stop—
 Den wan night while he's dere de
 gun
 Of de Cree she's start goin' Pop!
 Pop!
 An' de screech of de war cry she's
 makin'
 Such noise, it's hurtin' de ear,
 W'ile de squaw an' de leetle pa-
 poose
 De're cryin' an' scream' wit'
 fear.
 All night did de battle rage on
 But at las' w'en de daylight dey
 see
 De Fadder he say, "Now stop
 shootin'
 I'm go out an' talk to dem Cree."
 Hees crucifix dats always wit'
 heem
 He's holdin' in wan han' up high
 An' de flag wit' de lettlet red cross
 From de odor han' she is fly,
 An' he's soon walkin' out 'cross
 de contree,
 An' he's tellin' dem Cree to go
 home,
 W'en a bullet is knock heem un-
 conscious

An' de Fadder he's fall to the
 groun';
 Den de fightin' is stop an' de
 Blackfoot
 Is yellin', "You Dog of de Cree
 You've gone now an' murder
 your Blackrobe,
 Your bes' frien' in all de con-
 tree".
 Den de Cree is so scare an' so
 sorry
 De fight from hees heart is all
 gone
 An' he's all disappear an' gone
 home
 By de tam he day she is dawn.
 For w'y do de Blackfoot all call
 heem,
 De "Arsous Kitsi rarpi"—
 Dat mean, Man of de Good Heart,
 W'en he's also de frien' of de
 Cree,
 Dey know he's de frien' of de
 In'ian,
 Don't matter wot tribe dey may
 be,
 W'en trubble is come to de In'ian
 Dey know he'll be comin'
 quicklee
 To help dem lak w'en dat black
 small pox
 In de year eighteen seventee
 Keel many in all of de lodges
 Of bot' de Blackfoot an' de
 Cree.
 All night an' all day did de Fadder
 Work on never stoppin' to res',
 Kep' goin' by only de courage
 Of dat kin' heart wot's beat in
 his breas',
 Nursin' de sick, wot's so many
 An' w'en each day he's got tru'
 Buryin' de wan's dat's been dyin'
 Wit' de blessin' of Le bon Dieu.
 Dey luv heem, dose In'ians dey
 luv heem
 But, de In'ians dey all lak to
 fight,

De Cree want de scalp of de
Blackfoot

Den de Blackfoot come back in
de night,

Raid de camp an' stael all de
horse—

Each brave try to catch heem
nice squaw

an' den she's de squaw of dat
brave

By way of de In'ians law,
An' den dat brave he's beeg man

W'en again he's comin' back
home

For now, in hees own lodge he's
got

Maybe two-tree, squaw of hees
own.

But de Fadder, he say "No! No!
Dats wrong have two-tree,
squaw,

You come in de church an' get
marry

By way of de church's law;
Den you an' she leev togedder,

Wit' maybe papoose by an' by
An' dat mak' nice In'ian family

Long as she or you don't die".
De In'ian he say, "But Fadder—

Dat law of de church she's
wrong,

Beeg brave need two-tree, squaw",
But de Fadder speak loud an'

strong,
"Wan squaw is nuff for wan

In'ian,
An' w'en marry den she's your

wife
An' wan wife is all you can have

An' dats for de res' of your life".

Dis Edmonton, now, she's nice
city,

But wan tam she's only beeg
fort

W'en she's trade for de fur wit'
de In'ian,

W'ile de cannon she's peep from
de fort;

She's trade wit' de brave, some-
times rum

Till he's crazee an' yellin' for
fight,

Den de Fadder get mad an' he say,
"Tradin' rum to de In'ians not

right".

He's livin' den at St. Albair
W'ere he's growin' de garden

an' crop
W'ere he's buil' de mill to mak

flour
To feed dose poor In'ian wot's

stop
To beg heem for someting to eat

For de squaw an' papoose wot's
hongree

W'en de winter she's bitter an' col'
An' de game, dere's none for to

see.

Wan day w'en he's workin' an'
singin'

He's look up an' say wit' alarm,
"Who's dis rider comin' so fas'

Might break de leg or de arm".
But soon he is know for dat rider

W'en he 's see heem is yellin',
"Come! Come!

De Blackfoot is stormin' de fort
An' de Governor say, 'Joe, you

run
So queek as you can to St. Albair

An' breeng dat good Fadder La-
combe

For he is de only man livin'
Wot can sen' dese In'ians back

home'."

De Fadder he's lef' in a hurry
Den he's walk 'round de fort all

de night,
An' he's talk in de Blackfoot

language
An' he's beggin dose braves stop

de fight;
He's tellin' dem all dat de white

man
Is surely de In'ians frien'

An' he's beggin' dem all to go
home

An' breeng dis beeg fight to an
en'

An' dey all mus' be luv'in' de Fad-
der

For w'en de mornin' she's come
De contree she's peaceful an' quiet
An' de Blackfoot brave she's all
gone.

Now de Fadder he's lef' all hees
cheeldren,

De name wot he's callin' us by,
An' de heart of hees cheeldren

she's heavy,
Dere's many a tear in de eye;
W'en dey know he is come back
no more,

De squaw an' papoose she is cry,
But dey hope he's most' happee
up dere

In de home wot he's call, On
High;

But hees cheeldren dere no more
so happee,

Since he's lef' dem—dat good
white man,

De bestes' frien' of de In'ian,
'Long de reever Saskatchewan.

Lethbridge and Mcleod

(Taken from the Lethbridge News, April 5, 1887)

As described by the London (Eng.) Times' Correspondent

The following is a description of Mr. J. Cook's trip through this region last fall, published in the London, Eng., Times, and afterwards printed in pamphlet form along with other letters and entitled "A Canadian Tour":

At the flourishing station of Dunmore, near Medicine Hat, or "The Hat," as it is called in this country, we temporarily left the Canadian Pacific line and journeyed westward over a branch line to examine another flourishing enterprise which had been started, mainly by British capital, in this far-off land—a coal mine on the verge of the Rocky Mountains. In former days coals for this country cost enormously, and had to be brought from Pennsylvania. A few years ago, however, there was found a valuable coal vein, which the Belly River in carving out its deep valley had exposed to view in the bluffs

along the shore. The Bow and Belly rivers unite to form the Saskatchewan, and both are unions of a great number of mountain torrents coming down from the eastern slopes of the Rockies. The coal vein was seen in 1879 by Mr. Elliott Galt, a son of Sir Alexander Galt, the well-known Canadian statesman, and a company was formed and a colliery opened some time ago. There was difficulty, however, in getting the coal to market, and last year it was determined to construct a narrow-gauge railway from the mines to the Canadian Pacific railway at Dunmore, a distance of 109 miles. The corporation formed is the North-Western Coal & Navigation Company. The railway was built in a few weeks; and the enterprise is quite successful and paying good dividends.

We went out upon this newly-built narrow-gauge railway, and

found it to be a well constructed line across a desolate and uninhabited region, which gradually changed from poor lands to a good ranching country as the Belly River was approached. The Government had given a subsidy for its construction of 3,840 acres per miles, amounting to about 414,000 acres, which the company had selected in the ranching region, and was beginning to sell to cattle-grazing companies at about five shillings an acre. As we progressed westward the first mountain view was obtained, the three "Sweet Grass Hills," 70 miles to the southward across the United States border, showing their snow-capped summits just above the horizon. Then, as the young town of Lethbridge was approached, the long stretch of the peaks of the Rockies was seen ahead, rising as if on the edge of the prairie a hundred miles away. As we journeyed we crossed the boundary from the territory of Assiniboia into Alberta. There were occasional small lakes and sloughs and good duck shooting, but nobody lived on this vast level expanse until Lethbridge was reached. This was a busy town of about 1,000 people just on the verge of the steep bluffs bordering the river valley. The surface was covered with old buffalo trails, where the animals in years gone by had travelled in their solemn single-file processions to and from their feeding places. They have now all disappeared, nothing being left but their whitening bones scattered over the ground. It has been but a few years since this region was alive with them, but the Indians, tempted by the price of their hides, either in whisky or trade, waged a war of extermina-

tion against them, and none are now known to exist in this section. Instances were not rare when an Indian band, following the great herds, were known to kill 1,000 buffaloes in a single hunt.

In going into Lethbridge the height of land is crossed dividing the waters flowing into Hudson Bay from those of the Gulf of Mexico. Within a few hundred feet of either side of the railway the waters flow in opposite directions, one stream out through the Saskatchewan 4,500 miles northward, the other by the Milk River to the Missouri and then the Mississippi 5,500 mile southward. The Lethbridge Colliery is in the side of the bluff down almost at the level of the bottom lands alongside the Belly River, and mining is easy though wages are high, colliers making 10s to 12s per day, and ordinary laborers being paid 6s to 8s, because of the difficulty in getting them to come out here. About 400 men are employed at the mine, sawmill and railway, making a very busy place at the verge of the mountains. The coal is to be cut by machines hereafter. The present daily output varies from 150 tons in summer to 400 tons as winter approaches.

We left Lethbridge and started in a carriage from the end of the railway across the prairie 30 miles further west to Fort Macleod. The road wound down the bluffs and forded the swift-flowing but crooked Belly River, and then it went steeply up a deep coulee cut into the opposite bank until the table-land was reached. The horses made swift progress over the level prairie beyond, where cattle herds were grazing, for we had come into the ranching country. The strong west wind was

blowing stiffly against us, but it was warm and balmy coming through the mountain passes from the milder slope of the Pacific coast. It is this generally prevailing westerly wind which warms this region and keeps the grass green on the cattle ranges, melting the winter snows, and raising the temperature. This is the cause of the increasing mildness as the Rocky Mountains are approached as compared with Manitoba. The wind blew freshly in our faces as we drove across the prairie, fording the Old Man River and following its bank up to Fort Macleod. This valley is a shallow one, and the whole neighboring surface is stony, as if it had been an ancient river bed. The fort, which is a station of the Mounted Police, was originally built on an island in the river, but the wayward torrents began washing it away, and compelled removal to higher ground on the mainland. The town has about 500 people, and the strong winds blow all the soil away from the pebbles and boulders, so that the main streets are very rough highways. The Mounted Police post has about 100 men, and there are 40 more at Lethbridge, mainly to watch whisky-traders and preserve order on the large reserve of the Blood Indians on the Belly River, near the Buttes to the southward. This reserve, which is presided over by "Red Crow," has about 3,500 Indians, and in the various reserves in this region

there are about 7,000, all different bands of the great Blackfoot nation, of whom the redoubtable "Crowfoot," who lives up on the Canadian Pacific line at the "Crowfoot reserve," is the head chief. Fort Macleod, which, however, is not a defensive work but only a barracks, was established about 12 years ago, and soon became the center of the ranching business, the cattlemen coming up here from Montana, and thus making it an essentially American town. The cowboy is in his glory here; American money is the chief circulating medium; the *Macleod Gazette* is published as the weekly organ of the ranchmen, containing a page full of their "brands"; and a great horse and cattle exhibition is being prepared for, to show the enterprising spirit of the people. There are large stores and comfortable little hotels, this community having been established, 2,223 miles west of Montreal, before a railway route was thought of, its base of supplies and communication with the outer world being at Fort Benton, over 200 miles away on the Missouri River, in Montana. It is a wealthy place, too, the ranchmen being lavish in their expenditures; and it stands as the frontier outpost of the Dominion on its south-western border, although, happily, Fort Macleod in these piping times of peace has no military duties to perform.

AND JIMMY LOST HIS JOB

"Why, hello, Jimmy, I hear you lost your job in the department store."

"Oh, yes, I got fired."

"You got fired? How did it happen?"

"Oh, just took a sign from a lady's shirt-waist and put it on a bath-tub."

"And you got fired for that? Well, tell me how the sign read."

"It said, 'How would you like to see your best girl in this for \$2.75?'"

—Calgary Eye-Opener.

Alberta Owls Go Wild

From The Edmonton Journal

Edmonton, Feb. 3, 1946.—When an "outlaw" owl attacked him at Hudson Hope, B.C., in the Peace River district about 50 miles west of Fort St. John, Willis (Bill) Currie, 38, almost lost the sight of his right eye.

Currie is recovering in hospital here. He said he was the second man to be attacked by a horned owl at Hudson Hope within 12 hours, and blamed the attack on hunger. The first was his partner, Lloyd Gething.

"... Lloyd stepped outside and a huge owl struck him like a thunderbolt," said Currie, "but Lloyd was wearing a cap which the owl knocked off without hurting him."

Currie stepped out of the cook-

house about daybreak, "and the first thing I knew there was a sound of beating wings," he said. "The owl grabbed my head with one claw and with the other claw he got me in the right eye. I was able to shake him off and it was all over in a moment.

"I don't know how big the crazy owl would be, but at the time he felt like all wings and claws. I guess he would have about a five-foot wingspread at the most."

Currie, temporarily blinded and bearing four deep talon gashes, was taken to Fort St. John for emergency treatment, then came here to consult an eye specialist. Born in Minnesota, he has lived in the northland for 15 years.

Ritual of Prairie Chicken

By

Andrew Graham

in the Regina Leader-Post

If you were ever lucky enough to see the dance of the prairie chicken, in Spring, it will humble your ideas on traditional rituals.

There is a particular spot, a sort of holy of holies, where the chickens hold their Spring carnival. Why they choose these places, year after year, is beyond my shallow understanding.

All I know is, there is such a place; some bit of prairie where the chickens' ancestors laid a magic circle in mating time, and which draws them to perform the

same rites, and place their feet in the same magnetic ring of an old family Spring reunion.

The chosen day or days must be marked in nature's calendar, and the urge must come in the rising of the sap; for the signal, to an outsider, is an intermittent drumming which has the compelling beat of a heart, in Spring.

When you look down on the feathered dancers, you see the counterpart of a tribal dance.

A ring, whose diameter is 20 or 30 feet wide, is formed by a single

file of circling birds; their heads bobbing up and down, and their wings partly stretched and curving until the tips trail in the grass, they make three or four short strutting steps, and sound the drums. Every once in a while a bird darts into the centre, to be followed shortly by another which chases it back into the ring.

Was the slow, rhythmic stamping of the Redman's dance copied from this? Surely it is not the

reverse; the chicken must have come first, unless man is ready to admit as lowly an origin. Our customs are shaped with reason, but this dancing is an inherited instinct whose reason is Spring.

The why and wherefore of the dance is a mystery to me, but the reason is evident; and as I watch the peaceful ceremony and listen to these drums of creation, I think of other drums, and wish their purpose was as peaceful as this.

Alberta's Pioneer White Settler

By

Freda Graham Bundy

Cowley, Alta.

The first real old-timer of Alberta was William Gladstone, and from an old file of a now obsolete newspaper, "The Rocky Mountain Echo," we read a bit of early Canadian history in his diary.

William Gladstone's father emigrated from Berwick-on-Tweed, Scotland, in the summer of 1832, and made his home in Montreal, where young William was born. The latter went to school in the village of Lachine until he was thirteen years of age, then after having tried his hand at a number of things, he bound himself to the service of the Hudson Bay Company at the rate of ten pounds sterling for the first two years, twelve pounds for the next two, and fifteen for the last year.

In a graphic manner Gladstone describes his work at Norway House and at various company posts in what is now Alberta. Life

was not a bed of roses for this young lad, and he recounts many hardships he endured during those first few years in the North-West Territories.

For instance: "That night was bitterly cold and I froze my feet badly. An old man at camp made me keep my feet in the water hole all night. I suffered a great deal, but I believe the heroic remedy saved my feet."

Often the York boat brigades from far-off York Factory did not get in, supplies ran low and slim rations were the order of the day. In one place in the diary, he states: "They allowed us three drachms of rum a day and gave us plenty of pemmican and frozen potatoes." Then again: "Before August we killed and ate 25 dogs for want of other food. We used to make what we called 'rab-a-bo', by mixing flour with pemmican and boiling it with water in a

large kettle. When finished, it looked like soup, and we ate it with a spoon."

Within the next few years it was his privilege to meet many persons whose names became famous in early Canadian history. In the meantime, young Gladstone had proved his ability as a carpenter, and his work was generally in the shipyard of the various forts that were situated near the water. He mentions meeting Rev. Thos. Rundle and speaks frequently of Father Lacombe and a Methodist missionary, Thos. Wolsely.

An entry reads: "Father Lacombe, who was just about to start for his mission at St. Albert, offered to share his supply of food with me in return for making his doors and windows." And again, he says: "I went to Smoky Lake to build the mission for Mr. Wolsely." In fact, according to records, most of the first buildings in Alberta were erected by Wm. Gladstone.

There were many, many times from 1848-1870 that the prairies and foothill country of Alberta were alive with game, and many instances are cited in the diary: "The country was swarming with rabbits," he writes, "and that night our party killed 75 of them . . . elk were plentiful and that winter we killed over 600 of those beautiful animals. Elk meat is not nearly so good to eat as buffalo meat. It was a great country for game at that time, and we killed plenty of deer and antelope.

"I saw thousands of buffalo. A big herd is a sight never to be forgotten. In motion it is a sea of heaving backs and tossing tails and horns. One day I saw the Indians drive 800 buffalo into a huge

pound . . . we filled two sleighs with buffalo tongues, over 1,000 in all, and each of our fifty-odd sleighs was loaded with half a ton of choice meat. They never let us have any of the tongues to eat, they were too much of a delicacy and commanded a big price over the water. I think we salted nearly 2,000 of them at Rocky Mountain House that winter."

He records an interesting bit of history: "This summer (1860), an expedition from England came to Edmonton to report on the country and its possibilities. Among the company was a Captain Palliser, Dr. Hector, Mr. Sullivan, Captain Blackstone and a French botanist. They had a large outfit of carts with them, which they left with us while they were exploring the country. They did not let a flower or a fly or an insect escape their spectacles and their nets. The collection of bugs and plants that they made would have filled a museum. . . . Soon after we got settled, Capt. Palliser's party came back and spent the winter with us, so that life was not as lonely as usual. Dr. Hector had a good stock of books, some of which he lent me. We used to have many a chat together and grew to be great friends."

No doubt, William Gladstone was able to give this party valuable information concerning the Indians, wild animals and the like, for when Palliser's party came through, Gladstone had been in the country twelve years and had travelled north, south, east and west. By this time he spoke Cree, Blackfoot, French and English.

Two years later he met the noted missionary, George McDougall, and speaks of him in a

highly laudatory manner. "September, 1862, Rev. George McDougall, with his son, came to Smoky Lake to choose the location for his mission, which he called Victoria. Mr. McDougall had to go to Norway House and bring back his family. He set off in a small boat with two Indians. He is made of the right stuff for a western missionary. Not many ministers would care to attempt a 1,000-mile trip with only a couple of Indians, but he was a bold man who feared neither danger nor hardship. He was a good hunter and handled an axe like a trained woodsman. I was accounted a handy man with an axe myself, but it was all I could do to hold my own with George McDougall."

Gladstone gave a number of graphic descriptions of the quarrels between the various tribes of Indians. The Hudson's Bay Company knew how to manage them: "The Company always treated the Indians well, and we did not have any trouble with them for seven or eight years," he writes. "Then they commenced to go bad, thanks to the white strangers who came amongst them to corrupt their morals and their manners. It was the first time I had heard the war-whoop, 'Hei! Yei! Hei! Yei!' and it made the shivers run up and down my back. . . . I saw 300 Indians drunk on rum at one time. It was a wild and wooly sight, and sure made my hair rise."

Not all the hunters in this new country were Indians and trappers. Gladstone tells of several who came from the Old Country to hunt big game, amongst whom was a certain Frenchman. "A French count had come from France to hunt mountain sheep—

he arrived with a big outfit and also brought a game-keeper, a *valet-de-chambre* and fifteen men with him to look after his high and mighty comfort! And no less than ten carts to carry the 'necessaries'. About the last of August the French count came back. He was delighted with the result—25 mountain sheep, 2 grizzly bears and a great deal of other game."

Parties were not always so fortunate in securing game, for Gladstone recalls a trip he and Factor Moberly made. It nearly ended disastrously, for on their way to Edmonton they were overtaken by a severe snowstorm. To make matters worse, they ran short of food. "All we had to eat for the next eight days was a rabbit and a big owl. That owl might possibly have been in its prime at the time of the American Revolution. I am willing to bet that it was over 100 years old. We boiled it all night and next morning. Mr. Moberly tried to divide it for us. He hacked away for an hour without success, and then with a sigh remarked that it couldn't be helped. Even the dogs couldn't make an impression on that owl."

This seems to contradict the idea that game was always plentiful and was to be had for the killing. Gladstone tells of trading forts running short of food, Indian tribes wandering and starving at times, and even after he was married, he recalls: "Our grub was gone and for two weeks we lived on soup that my wife made from the bark of the cottonwood tree."

Rich gold strikes were being made at Fort Edmonton and Fort Benton and, like many other young men at that time, Glad-

stone was anxious to be in at the killing. A few years earlier he had taken up land to become one of the West's first farmers, much to the disgust of the Hudson's Bay Company's factors. Finally, he sold his farm equipment to Father Lacombe and headed for Fort Benton.

Arriving there, he found he could obtain \$10 a day as carpenter and promptly forgot about gold mining. He gives a thrilling description of this notorious town of the early days. The noisy wildness did not suit him, and back to

Alberta he came, this time to help construct barracks for the North-West Mounted Police.

He remained at Fort Macleod for years as chief carpenter, then went to Mountain Mill, south of Pincher Creek, where he hand-whipped timber. Many of the pioneer homes of the south country were built by William Gladstone, and, as time aged and mellowed him, he was content to spend many hours telling of his early life and adventures, many of which were recorded in the now defunct "Rocky Mountain Echo."

Diamond Cut Diamond

By

N. T. McLeod

A short while after I returned to Lethbridge in 1905 I received a letter from the Commissioner to look into some trouble between Gigot at McLeod and Hunter at Pincher Creek.

It was pouring rain when I dropped into the McLeod store to see Gigot. While waiting we gathered about the big stove to get warmed up and dried out.

Calf Shirt, a Blood medicine man, and two of his squaws were also warming themselves when Gordon Matthews and an insurance man, who was also in search of Gigot, entered. The insurance man was a kind of sleight-of-hand artist, and began amusing himself by pulling imaginary quarters and half-dollars from their noses to

the cheering remarks of "Hyah! Hyah!"

In the meantime old Calf Shirt had been standing with his blanket drawn close up around his face, warming his back at the stove. Suddenly our insurance friend, tiring of worrying the squaws, approached him and, reaching up, started to pull an imaginary half-dollar out of his nose. I noticed Calf Shirt's hand stealing along under the blanket from whence it suddenly appeared with a live rattlesnake which he stuck in the insurance man's face. He forgot all about his appointment with Gigot, and was last seen running like blazes through Lethbridge, and may be running yet, as Camoose, the hotelkeeper, says he never sent back for his baggage.

The Mystery of Constable Graburn

By

Thyrza Young Burkitt

(Lethbridge, Alta.)

When Constable Graburn of the recently-established North West Mounted Police threw Chief Star-Child out of Fort Walsh barracks for begging, he set the stage for a tragedy that provided the Force with one of the greatest shocks since its formation.

A few weeks after handling the mendicant Star-Child in this peremptory manner, Graburn was sent out on a patrol that took him to the vicinity of the Blood encampment.

Days passed, but the Constable did not return. Anxiety took possession of the barracks, and a search party hurried on his trail. They found his tracks and followed them till dusk when a heavy snowfall obliterated every sign. Defeated in their object, they returned to the fort and enlisted the help of the Scots-Peigan interpreter, Jerry Potts.

Jerry Potts, who was to become famous in the annals of the Mounted Police, had killed his man when still a mere slip of a boy. When his father, a trader from Edinburgh, was murdered by an Indian, thirteen-year-old Jerry Potts took up the trail of the murderer, ran him to earth, faced the bronzed veteran of many a scalping party with the determination of a veteran, and returned with his scalp at his belt. Later, when working for another trader, word arrived that a war-party of marauding Crees had massacred a band of Peigans camped on the present site of

Lethbridge, sparing neither women nor children. Promptly Jerry gathered a band of visiting Pie-gans around him, armed them with repeating rifles from Fort Benton, dogged the Crees to their home camp, attacked them in the depth of night and driving them into a rocky ravine, shot them down to a man.

Under the expert guidance of Potts, despite the fact that there was no visible trail, the search-party was led directly to a distant ravine. Suddenly Potts' horse shied, sweeping away the soft snow with his hoofs. Beneath was a dark splotch of blood. Further on the missing Mountie's hat was found hanging from a willow and at last, near the foot of the ravine, they unearthed the frozen body of young Graburn, and nearby the body of his horse, which had also been shot.

Two bullet holes in Graburn's back told their own story of treachery and sudden death. Removing the recent snow Potts proceeded methodically to read the signs. Fascinated as they watched this veteran trailer's exhibition of wizard-like skill, the Police leaped from their saddles and followed the seemingly meaningless marks in the snow. Beside the hoof-marks of Graburn's horse was the imprint of an Indian cayuse. Side by side, further prints showed that Graburn and the unknown Indian had ridden together apparently in perfect amity, since there was no sign of haste or commotion. But limned clearly in the

snow for the understanding eye to read was proof that the Mountie and his companion had not been alone. Behind them—the unshod hoof-prints obliterating their own made this certain—had ridden a second Indian, probably keeping out of sight and later closing in to commit the crime.

Soon a Chinook denuded the prairie of snow, and all the wizardry of Jerry Potts could not draw from the silent shrubs the slightest clue to the identity of the murderers or whence they had gone. So Graburn was carried back in his scarlet tunic to the fort and buried, while Police patrols searched the prairie questioning Indians in vain.

Meanwhile suspicion had fallen on an Indian named Eagle Crag, who had crawled into the fort from an alleged hunting expedition, more dead than alive, to finally die from pneumonia. Convinced that he had been killed by Police, angry Bloods swarmed into the fort intent on violence, and were only placated when Eagle Crag's body, attired in a scarlet tunic and covered by a flag, was buried by a police detail with all the honors of a military funeral.

It was Superintendent Crozier who first unearthed what appeared to be a probable clue. Two Blood Indians were brought before him on a horse-stealing charge and were remanded till witnesses could be rounded up. While awaiting trial, they broke from their cells, raced to a spot where waiting squaws furnished them with rifles, and made a break for the nearby hills. Pursued by a squad of Police who had witnessed the jail-break they were bundled back to Fort Walsh. That night, when Crozier visited them,

they admitted that Graburn had been killed by Star Child, who was then hunting in the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana. They added that the Indian who had ridden beside the Mountie—whose name they did not know—had been a frightened and unwilling accomplice.

Convinced that the Indians spoke the truth, Crozier sent word to Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, who attempted to arrange with the sheriff of Bear Paw Mountain district for Star Child's arrest. But the sheriff demanded five thousand dollars for his services, which was more than the Force was prepared to pay. Then the moccasin telegraph brought news that Star Child had returned to Canada and joined a band of Blood Indians only twenty odd miles from Fort Macleod. Promptly Corporal Patterson, Corporal Wilson, with two constables and Jerry Potts, were ordered to enter the camp of these hostile and warlike Bloods and bring in Star Child under arrest.

At dawn the small Police party drew up before the tepee of the chief. But the alert Indian was not to be caught napping! Hearing the thud of hoofbeats Star Child seized his rifle and leapt through the oval doorway of the lodge. Flinging it to his shoulder he aimed straight at Patterson's heart. With swift self-possession, Patterson tricked him by calling to an imaginary Mountie *behind* the Chief. As he instinctively turned his head Patterson leapt, knocked up the muzzle of the rifle and closed with the astonished Indian. In the scuffle that followed Star Child's rifle was discharged harmlessly into the air, but the shot roused every Indian in the

camp. As naked braves surged to the rescue, Patterson seized Star Child by the throat, snapped the handcuffs on his wrist, and dragged him to where the Police horses were waiting. Meanwhile, Jerry Potts, Wilson and one of the constables, with the unexpected help of Chief Red Crow, Strangling Wolf, One Spot and one or two other friendly Bloods, fought their way through the wall of angry warriors and leapt into their saddles.

"*Ride, boys!*" Patterson shouted with the half-choked Star Child under his arm. "Ride like hell, or they'll finish us." Spurring their mounts, the Police rode for dear life, the Bloods, howling their war-cry, pounding hard on their trail. Gradually they pulled away from their pursuers, and by a miracle arrived at Fort Macleod with their prisoner, safe and sound.

With the arrest of Star Child it seemed that Graburn's murder was going to be avenged. In the

course of his trial Star Child admitted his guilt, while the Police produced overwhelming evidence to convict him. But the jury, terrified apparently by the uproar the Chief's arrest had caused amongst the Bloods, and fearful of encountering the vengeance of this warlike tribe if they brought in a verdict of guilty, supinely found the prisoner "not guilty." So the first man to murder a Mounted Policeman walked from the dock with his innocence legally established, and the crime he committed remains to this day unavenged.

A strange story is told by old-timers concerning this tragedy. At times, it is said, a luminous ball of fire appears in the heavens at the point from which Graburn started on his fatal journey. Lighting up the sky with an eerie phosphorescent glow, it passes through the ether, following Graburn's trail, hovers over the spot where the body was discovered, and finally melts into the purple darkness of the night.



CHEAP FIREWOOD!

Bill never had a formal lease, but acted as though he owned the land on which he squatted. Settlers from the bare prairie would come to the park country for wood. When they came to Bill's place he would hide in the bush until the wood was loaded. Then he would ride out with drawn pistol, ablaze with righteous indignation.

"Pull up to my yard with that wood." The unfortunate farmer would be forced to do as he was ordered.

"Now unload it." The quaking victim would hurriedly tumble the load of firewood onto the ground.

"Now, get off my place and don't come back."

And the homesteader, thinking he'd been trespassing, was only too glad to make himself scarce.—Schowalter.

How Hairy Hill got its Name

By

George Chrapka
Shepinge, Alberta

My home town has a rather interesting name. The first settlers, on moving into this district some threescore years ago, chose the site for their new homes on a large flat hill. This hill, however, was somewhat different from any other they had seen. Everywhere they looked they saw large mats of hair covering the ground.

Naturally they were puzzled, but with the coming of spring also came the answer. One bright morning they saw a hundred or

more buffalo roaming lazily along the slopes of the hill. On going to the spot they found fresh mats of hair. This solved the "hairy mystery," and also suggested a name for the locality—Hairy Hill.

The buffalo, for some strange reason, returned each spring to this particular hill to shed their heavy winter coats of shaggy hair. And this yearly visit resulted in a fresh carpet of soft hair covering the flat top of Hairy Hill.

AND THEN THE MAIN HERD CAME

They say, down around Viking, that the mosquitoes were bad in the old days. One old-timer claimed the mosquitoes were so thick that, though he built a smudge-fire, he found it necessary to take a long stick and twirl it through the dense cloud of insects, so a passage could be cleared for the smoke to ascend.

And the buffalo were thick, too. Jack Symonds, an early Mounted Policeman, insisted that he had seen a million at one time. "There were fifty of us," said Symonds, "and we were caught in that stampeding herd for five days. Each man fired his rifle steadily all the time to keep from being trampled to death. Finally there was a break and we got away to the top of a hill. It's a good thing we did. For when we got there we saw the main herd coming!"

"A flirt, am I?" exclaimed Mary Ann under notice to go by the rancher's wife near Lethbridge. "Well, I knows them as flirts more than I do, and with less excuse." She shot a spiteful look at her mistress. "I'm better lookin' than you," she snapped, "more 'andsome. 'Ow do I know? Your 'usband told me so."

"That will do," said her mistress frigidly.

"But I ain't finished yet!" retorted Mary Ann. "I can give a better kiss than you! Want to know 'oo told me that, ma'am?"

"If you mean to suggest that my husband . . ."

"No, it wasn't your 'usband this time," gloated Mary Ann. "It was your chauffeur."—Calgary Eye-Opener.

Wilderness Courage

By

Jean W. Godsell

Marie and Terese, daughters of Little Cheesie, chief of the Caribou-Eaters tribe, whose hunting-grounds lie east of Fort Fitzgerald in Northern Alberta, had been living at the mission of the Black Robes. Out in the deep pine forests where her people toiled for the pelts of otter, marten and glossy silver fox, their mother had passed to the Great Beyond the previous winter. Now these two motherless children, but seven and eight years of age, were to accompany their father into the wilderness to try, in their own small way, to make up for the loss of the kindly, dark-eyed woman who had tanned his skins, kept the wigwam fresh with clean and fragrant spruce boughs, and visited the rabbit-snares in the spirit-haunted woods to fill the pot.

"Ho-ho! Marie! Ho! Terese." The hunter nodded to the heavy bundles awaiting transfer to the narrow birch-bark canoe down at the water-front. Bending, Terese caught up a heavy load, swung it on her small back, slipped the tump-line across her forehead, and staggered down the slope beneath the burden. Behind her padded Marie, bending beneath a load heavier than her own slim, supple body. In their wake strode the tall, spare form of the chief carrying a muzzle-loader in his hand.

It was my first year in the North. To me it seemed so cruel to be taking these wee mites from the comforts of the warm wooden school, to which they had been

accustomed, back into the wilderness to work and slave.

Kelly, the trader, laughed. "It's all part of the training. From the time these kiddies emerge from the moss-bags on their mothers' backs they've got to do their share. Living so close to Nature one never knows when they may be thrown suddenly on their own resources. These two youngsters will take charge of their father's hunting lodge and chances are that many a bitter winter night, when the blizzards are howling down from the Pole and gaunt wolves are roaming the forests, they'll be alone in the wigwam while their father's on the hunting trail looking for moose or caribou to keep body and soul together, or gathering pelts with which to pay for those supplies I've just given him in debt."

I shook my head. The sight of the children going off so bravely, their small lips set as they staggered beneath their burdens, somehow raised a lump in my throat. From the top of the bank I watched the departure of the aboriginal brigade. The whole Caribou-Eater tribe was leaving. All along the river-bank Indians, squaws and children were loading up the yellow birch-barks. For some distance they would follow the crooked Dog River, poling up the froth and spume of thundering rapids, portaging the canoes and goods at times upon their backs, at other times wading knee-deep in gripping muskeg, branching off along one serpentine channel after another till

they reached their ancestral hunting-grounds. There they would erect their conical caribou-skin lodges, and while men and boys hunted and fished, the squaws and their daughters would be kept busy visiting the rabbit-snares and sewing caribou skin moccasins and garments with which to resist the frigid rule of the Frost King. Finally the last canoe disappeared into the dark maw of the Dog River.

Soon winter was upon us with all its Arctic fury. The trees and rock-ribbed ridges were buried beneath a mantle of soft, shimmering whiteness. Once in a while mahogany-faced Indians in caribou-skin *parkas* arrived from the mysterious brooding forests to barter their peltries for tea, sugar, clothes and ammunition. Hudson's Bay scouts brought word of a big fur-catch amongst the Caribou-Eaters, ten "sleeps" to the eastward. In the cold freezing store Mr. Kelly stealthily got together a trading outfit, making no fire lest the free-traders find out and follow. Then, like thieves in the night, swarthy fur-runners drove their loaded sleds out of the fort with sleigh bells silenced, the dogs tugging silently at the traces. And John James, our interpreter, went with them.

The days became shorter and shorter. Outside the mercury froze in the thermometer and trees burst asunder with reports like cannon-shots. Food and water froze overnight in the house. It was one of the severest winters known to the oldest Indians.

Somehow my mind wandered back to those two little girls away of there in the frozen forest. I could picture the two mites facing

the bitter cold in their caribou-skin dresses, setting their snares, cutting wood to keep alive the wigwam fire, and bending beneath big loads of faggots as they snowshoed through the silent woods. I saw them breaking a hole in four-foot ice with ice chisels before the hue of dawn was in the sky, and tending fish-nets with hands blue with cold so that the sleigh dogs on which their father depended to visit his traps would be properly fed.

When John James returned from his sled-journey he told me he had seen them. The little family, he said, were having a pretty hard time. Trapping was bad and the snow so deep that the father had had bad luck. And on top of this, the mighty caribou herds, upon which they depended so largely for food and clothing, had migrated in another direction. Some of the Indians farther east were starving. John had brought in a letter, written in those peculiar syllabic signs invented by the missionaries, asking the Mounted Police to send out supplies to enable them to fight the spectre of starvation.

January came in with more frigid blasts from the pole. The whole countryside was locked in the bitter grip of winter. Even the fur-runners did not go out into the snow-bound forests for fear the dogs' lungs would be nipped with the cold. Hardly a living soul moved around the fort. Deep in the woods the animals stayed in their holes and the red men hugged their wigwam fires.

I was thawing out a loaf of frozen bread when John James burst excitedly into the house, the fur of his hooded *parka* white with

frost. "Indians," he shouted, "They're crossing the river with a dog-team . . . they're coming in at last."

Out on the ice a thin, serpentine line—a dog-team—was worming its way slowly in our direction. But where was the driver? In vain I looked for a tall, swinging figure, loping behind the sled, urging the dogs with snapping lash.

"Look!" John James was pointing at an up-ended mass of ice. Around it a diminutive fur-clad figure was ploughing a furrow in the deep drifts with a pair of snowshoes, breaking trail for the dogs. Behind the dog-team moved another small form of equal size.

"Wah! Wah," exclaimed John. "Them's Cheesie's daughters. Wonder what they're hauling on that sled?"

Slowly, with drooping tails, five emaciated dogs tugged the loaded toboggan up the steep bank in the wake of the small guide, while Terese, the driver, flourished a caribou-hide whip and urged them on. At last they drew up before the trading post.

A torrent of guttural Chipe-ryan fell from John's lips while Marie gazed at us with dark, mysterious eyes and answered in short, low monosyllables; her face blackened with frost-bite, her hair and caribou-skin *parka* white with frost.

"Well, John," I said, "what's wrong—what's happened to their father. Those kiddies shouldn't be travelling in here all alone?"

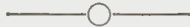
John turned a serious face. "Their father," his voice was muffled, "is wrapped beneath the moose-hide cover on that sled. He'll never hunt for the Company again."

"What?" Mr. Kelly cried as he emerged from the store.

"Yes," John continued. "He died 'way out in the bush at their wigwam, eight sleeps to the eastward. So these children tied him on the toboggan and walked a hundred and fifty miles through the bush to bring him here to the fort so the Black Robes could give him Christian burial."

What an epic story of bravery and courage! Day after day those two children had toiled through the snow-bound wilderness on snowshoes, camping at night with nothing but their slat-ribbed dogs and the glittering stars for company, snaring rabbits for food as they went along and sharing them with the sleigh dogs.

Kelly caught my eyes. "Remember what I told you? One never knows when these Indian children may be thrown on their own resources. But this," and he shook his head, "for sheer grit it's hard to beat!"



A tourist inquiring how cold the winter was in Banff, was told that it was so cold last winter that the ice froze the Upper Hot Springs Swimming Pool. One boy's feet went through the ice, and when he yanked it out his foot was scalded to the ankle.—Halpert.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Senator Dan Riley, who contributes "The Lost Lemon Mine," is a real old-timer of the High River District where he has lived since 1883. His hospitality is famous throughout Southern Alberta, and the Stoney Indians consider him their great friend and adviser. His place is always full as old-timers come to swap yarns. The Senator is justly proud of his Celtic origin, and in speaking of some person whom he admires is fond of saying, "He's a fine man—yes, he's an Irishman."

Freda Graham Bundy, author of "Alberta's Pioneer White Settler," is an authority on old-timers and pioneer days in the Pincher Creek and Crow's Nest district. Mrs. Bundy has collected a vast amount of valuable information on this section for the Folklore and Local History Project which has been bound into a manuscript volume entitled "In the Foothills of the Rockies".

Thyrza Young Burkett, whose article on the Graburn tragedy appears in this issue, is another enthusiastic writer on Indian lore and other matters dealing with the pioneer days of the province.

Jean W. Godsell, wife of the Editor, went North as a bride in '21, travelling 350 miles in an open scow to Fort Fitzgerald in October with the Athabasca river full of floating ice. She has spent many years in the North, having travelled over the entire Peace River and Mackenzie River Districts as far north as Fort McPherson. From 1925 to 1927 she lived at the old Hudson's Bay fort at Fort St. John while Mr. Godsell was en-

gaged in blazing a fur-road from that point to Fort Nelson—a road that was destined to become the first link in the Alaska Highway.

STAMPEDE

Under the Alberta Folklore and Local History Project, Gwen Pharis Ringwood has just completed her three-act play, "*Stampede*," which will be presented in Convocation Hall on March 4th, 5th and 6th. In this play are to be seen the makings of true Canadian drama in both the creative and interpretative fields. It is written, and is being directed, produced and acted by native Western Canadians. The writer, Gwen Pharis Ringwood, is a U. of A. graduate, the director Sydney Risk, a U.B.C. graduate, is on the University of Alberta Department of Fine Arts staff, and the producers and actors are all University of Alberta students.

The story centres around the first Calgary Stampede in 1912. The last act takes place right in the Stampede grounds. It is a colourful panorama of crowds, music, cowboys, Mounties, Indians and horse wranglers—in fact, it embodies everyone and everything found at the Stampede. Many of the characters are based on actual Western personalities, for example, Nigger John Ware, Chief White Calf, Jim Carson and others.

It needs no stretch of the imagination to forecast that "*Stampede*" will go a long way and will serve to further enhance Gwen's assured position as one of Canada's leading playwrights.

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION FOR ALBERTA SCHOOLS

sponsored by

THE PROVINCIAL CHAPTER IMPERIAL ORDER DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

in co-operation with the Department of Extension, University of Alberta,
and the Alberta Writers' Conference

The Alberta Writers' Conference held each year as part of the University's Banff School of Fine Arts has two major aims: first, to encourage the collection of Alberta materials such as might be useful to creative writers, and second, to encourage Alberta writers to use Alberta themes and subjects.

Encouraged by the response to the initial competition, the I.O.D.E. have again agreed to provide prize money for a second competition, for the 1945-46 term. Classifications and prize lists are as follows:

Class A—For Grades I to XII:

1. School Year Book (either 1945 or 1946 issue). Prize.....\$50.00
2. School Newspaper, Magazine or Periodical published between September 1st, 1945, and May 1st, 1946. Prize.....\$50.00
3. Rural School paper or Year Book (dates as in 1 or 2 above), only one and two-room schools eligible. Prize.....\$50.00

Class B.—For Individual Students, Grades VIII to X inclusive:

1. Poetry—minimum of 15 lines.....Prizes for girls, \$15; \$10; \$5
Prizes for boys, \$15; \$10; \$5—\$60.00
2. Short Story—2000 words approximately.....Prizes, \$20; \$15; \$5—\$40.00
3. Alberta Background Essay—Biographical, historical or descriptive
—approximately 2,000 words.....Prizes, \$20; \$15; \$5—\$40.00

Class C—For Individual Students, Grades XI and XII:

1. Poetry—minimum of 15 lines.....Prizes for girls, \$15; \$10; \$5—\$30.00
Prizes for boys, \$15; \$10; \$5—\$30.00
2. Short Story—approximately 2,000 words.....Prizes, 20; \$15; \$5—\$40.00
3. Alberta Background Essay—Biographical, historical or descriptive.
Prizes, \$20; \$15; \$5—\$40.00

Rules:

1. Year Books submitted in Class A may be either 1945 or 1946 issue.
2. Newspapers or periodicals must be those published between September 1st, 1945, and May 1st, 1946.
3. In Classes B and C the competitor's name, address, age, and grade, as well as the title of the entry are to be placed on a separate sheet attached to the manuscript. The manuscript should contain the title only and page number on every sheet.
4. Competitors will use only one side of the paper for typing or writing manuscripts.
5. All entries will be judged on their quality rather than format. The judges will place emphasis on originality, naturalness, and simplicity.
6. Competitors should have the principal of the school or some other responsible person certify that the entry is the student's own work.
7. Entries will become the property of the Alberta Writers' Conference, University of Alberta.
8. All entries must be addressed to **The Director, Department of Extension, University of Alberta, Edmonton**, and must be mailed not later than **May 15th, 1946**.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS
OF THE BOSTON BAR
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II
BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 10 N. MARKET ST.
1858

TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

The Editor and the Editorial Board wish to thank all subscribers for the assistance and support given during the past year to the QUARTERLY. We are anxious to build up this journal to a point where it will be eventually self-supporting and will become a permanent cultural asset to the Province. With this end in view, we would appreciate any help you can give us in securing new subscribers and in getting this infant magazine known in your community.

We are also very anxious to obtain brief, snappy stories from old-timers, school-teachers and in fact anyone interested, concerning pioneer days and incidents, local legends, folklore stories, tall tales, etc., etc. Stories about famous and interesting local characters will also be most welcome, as well as Indian legends and all such matters dealing with the march of time across the Alberta prairie and bushlands.

We would also ask all contributors to advise us promptly of any change of address, and to include both name and address when sending in renewals.

160x 2x100